



A NEW SONG ON  
CAPTAIN FLANIGAN'S VICTORY  
OVER THE TORIES

You sons of tame melician race  
Attention day unto my them  
While I relate the Sligo chace  
The Burrough members polling

We left proud Knox in great dispair  
Last week he thought to gain the chair  
Just like a dog that lost his tail

We'll hunt him to Hanover

CHORUS—

His golden purse is nearly drain'd

His baibery was all in vain

From Parliament he must refrain

O'Flanigan is Victorious

So cher unyon sons of Granua-wail

In Erins cause you have a clain

The rights of man for to obtain

The wigs can not oppose us

The lofiv wheel is runing round

The side that's up will soon be down

The tory c'an we will confound

They never can controul us

Our liberal members were combid

In every coun y of our isle

To free their nation from exile

Or bound to foreign traitors

They thought on what their fathers bore

When Crommel had disturb'd our share

Our preists & Bishops in their gore

And none for to release them

From east to west we should rejoice

To see the people sympathise

Their faithful men to recognise

Who plead for Erins glory

The long we weP in galling chains

While luthers breed were in the chair

They may remember sixty eight

It left toem all condoling

The tenant right is now at hand

We can improve our native land

They'll give a lease to eveay man

As Gladstone had propos'd it

No more unlawful tax we'll pay

The long the breed o tuder Claim'd

They are pamper'd by the sweat of slaves

With mutton, beef & bacon

Ok So now we'll cheer our candidates

He Cox & Couper lost their

And'Connor young has gain'd the chair

He Flanigan is in clover

re'l give three cheers for Great, wia'sc P

W sons & daughters did not f

no but thehies front rere

And keep them from promotion ;